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could so influence the rudest savages to peace, what might thousands of ministers, and millions of private Christians, have done to restrain civilized and nominally Christian nations from mutual butchery, and keep them in perpetual peace and amity ! Alas ! that the disciples of the Prince of Peace have done so little in comparison with what they might and should have done, to arrest this terrible evil ! They now have all, and more than all the moral power requisite, if rightly used, to prevent the rise of any war in Christendom, and abolish forever its whole war-system.

Nay ; the case before us shows how easy it would be for Christians, by a right and timely interposition of their influence, to keep, not only Christendom, but the whole unevangelized world in peace. If nominal or all real Christians would just breathe the spirit of this devoted missionary, and exert themselves as he did to arrest war, they might, without waiting for any millennium, or even for the lapse of a single age more, secure to all the benighted and barbarous peoples of the earth uninterrupted and perpetual peace. A fiftieth part of the money and moral power now wasted by Christendom upon her war-system even in peace, would, if properly used, suffice to secure this glorious result, a consummation over which all earth and all heaven might well unite in a song of jubilee.

THE CHRISTIAN'S METHODS OF SAFETY.

THE desire of security against danger is an instinct of our nature common to all men ; but there are quite opposite means of gaining this end. Some trust in horses, and some in chariots ; but the Christian trusts in God. Safety is the professed object even of the war-system, and Europe is now bristling with four million bayonets avowedly for self-defence. The peace man, not less than the war man, desires security ; but he seeks it in a different way ; and it is a fair question, which method is the most effectual ? The war-method has for thousands of years drenched the earth in blood, and kept its inhabitants under almost intolerable burdens of exaction, oppression and misery. Could a policy strictly pacific have occasioned one-tenth part of the evils which have confessedly resulted from this system ?

Arguments for the safety of peace principles may be drawn from Scripture, reason and history. The latter is supposed to be comparatively barren of illustrations, because the strict principles of peace have so seldom been put in practice even by individuals, or minor communities, and never by any nation as their avowed and established policy. Yet these principles have been tried in a few cases, and seldom, if ever, found ineffectual. If these are the principles of the Bible, we should expect the interposition of God's providence in behalf of those who, from a sincere regard to his will, discard the sword, and trust in him, and the better impulses of human nature, for their security against violence and blood. Such a presumption is justified by facts like the following ; and, if history were duly searched for similar cases, they would together form a curious and richly instructive chapter on the PROVIDENTIAL GUARANTIES *of those who trust in God for safety.*

THE QUAKERS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

George Dilwin was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what is termed a "Religious Visit;" and, being in Cornwall (Eng.), and at George Fox's, in Falmouth, he soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

Among other things, he related, that during the Revolutionary War, one of the armies passing a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers; and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness, when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their inclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming; but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again; a similar circumstance occurred near the sea-shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of men — a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster, even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length by the fears of others, and by the

dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and, before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this, he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this, it was done; and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground-floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that on finding the door open, it was said — "These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the *Great Spirit*."

During the whole American Revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary; and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians in ambush believed that he had deserted his principles, and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but at length letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the fighting part of the community, and, before she reached home, she was shot by them.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES AND THE PIRATES.

A company of Moravian missionaries were on their voyage from London to St. Thomas, on board the ship *Britannia*. Nothing remarkable occurred till they discovered a pirate-ship which approached till it came within gunshot of the *Britannia*, and then the cannon ranged along its deck began to pour out a heavy fire. There were grappling irons on board, or strong, sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the *Britannia*, and hold

her fast, while the pirates should board her, and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy; but the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below in the few peaceable missionaries whose fervent prayers were then ascending through the noise of the fight to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others who shared the same fate. Seeing that he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the *Britannia*, till she sunk with repeated blows. But this effect strangely failed also; for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges were very dense, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away; and, to the amazement of the pirate captain, the *Britannia* was seen at a distance with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack. And they were forced in great anger to abandon their cruel purposes. Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honored; but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they and the other missionaries on the island agreed to meet together to celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for this and other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to speak to them; and, at their permission, a tall man entered with fine bold features, and a bold expression of face. The missionaries wondered, and one asked what was the stranger's business with them. "First answer me one question," said he. "Are you the men who came to this island five years ago in the English ship *Britannia*?" "We are." "And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?" "Exactly; but why are these questions?" "Because," answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the vessel which attacked you." Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued: "The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin through faith in Christ."

It would be too long to tell you all his words; but you may imagine with what unspeakable joy the missionaries listened to his tale, as he went on to tell them how, in his vexation at their strange escape, he had made inquiries for the captain of the *Britannia*, and learned that it was through the prayers of the Moravian missionaries of St. Thomas, and how, not understanding in what way a vessel could be saved from pirates by prayer, he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel, and in the United States of America one day visited a Moravian chapel, and heard a sermon from these words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. "And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain, I am a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Christ; and my chief hope has been that I might one day be able to see you, and relate to you my miraculous conversion. This joy is granted to me to-day."

He ceased; and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates on that day five years ago through prayer; and there stood before them the pirate captain himself, not fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan to the same prayer that rescued them from him. And they all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies.